

The Northfield Press

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EAST NORTHFIELD.

AN EXPERT'S OPINION

Prof. Stone of Amherst Discourses on Beautiful Northfield.

PRUNE THE TREES

Discourage Shrubbery and Mow Lawns to the Roadside.

The trees in Northfield, as I examined them, appeared on the whole to be in a very healthy and fine condition, although there are places where other trees could be planted to fill in vacancies; as some of the older trees die these new ones will be there to take their places to a certain extent.

The general impression made by Northfield on the stranger is very pleasing. The trees are as a rule in such splendid condition, and many of them are in their prime as yet, notwithstanding that some are very large. Some of the early planting was very close, and as long as the trees were not taken out some years ago, it would now be hard to do this without disfiguring the street, and it will be best to leave them in.

The principal thing that impresses the visitor in these old New England towns is the fine effect given by the planting of our ancestors. These old streets are not always planted in a perfectly symmetrical manner, neither is the species always the same, but the effect is excellent. In Northfield, as in other towns, elms were planted in the roadbed and maples farther back near the sidewalk, and this, in my estimation, is an ideal way to plant. The best landscape gardeners, like the Olmsteads, who have written much on the subject of country towns and public greens, have persistently advocated keeping these old towns in their present condition, and they claim that to introduce startling innovations in planting, is poor taste and undesirable. The trees in a town like Northfield, have an enormous value not to be estimated in dollars and cents, and they must be of great value historically to the old inhabitants of the place. It is wise, therefore, to follow as closely as possible the original intention of those who did such splendid work in planting these trees. Since elms and maples have been principally planted in Northfield, it would be well to continue planting these species rather than to introduce others. It is sometimes advisable to plant one street with one kind of tree, and most tree wardens do that, but when one examines such beautiful old towns as Stockbridge and others where there is a miscellaneous planting one cannot but be struck by their great beauty. This is true to a certain extent of Northfield; that is, all the elms and maples have been planted not absolutely in lines, and I think that it is an excellent feature because it emphasizes a certain individuality. It would be unwise to attempt the planting of shrubbery or any exotic plants on the highway proper. If planted at all, they should be planted near the houses where they would tend to harmonize with the conventional appearance afforded by the buildings, lawns and walks. By no means, however, should shrubbery be planted in the highway proper. I have noticed this in a few instances, and perhaps it was done merely for temporary effect, but it looks far better to see the shrubbery and exotic trees planted nearer the buildings on private property.

CONDITION OF THE HIGHWAY. I noticed in passing through the town that many public spirited citizens not only mow their own lawns, but mow out to the roadbed. This is an excellent practice and should be done universally in the town. To find a lawn entirely unmowed sandwiched in between two beautifully cared for lawns gives a very bad effect.

The condition of the roadside is very good throughout the town. There are a few places where it needs a little grading, which could be done at little expense. The soil seems to be excellent for the growth of grass, and it would seem advisable for the Village Improvement society to raise funds, if they have not them already, to have all the grass in the roadway mowed by some person owning a horse mower.

The village green in the town of Amherst has been mowed for years and years at a cost of \$185 or \$150, this money being raised by the Village Improvement association. It should be one of the first objects of the association to see that the grass in the highway proper is mowed in front of each residence, as only in this way will it be possible to have the lawns mowed at one time and kept in perfect condition as some of the abutters can probably not afford to do it themselves. No doubt someone could buy a horse mower and take a contract for mowing the lawns out to the roadway at \$80 or \$100 a year, and he could probably obtain contracts for mowing private lawns.

As already stated, the trees on the whole are in fine condition. They are not affected to any great extent by wires of any kind, and gas, I understand, is not used extensively, so that there is little chance of the trees being killed in this way. Many of the trees, however, need considerable pruning. The dead wood should be taken out of all of them, and the cavity filled with cement. It is a question, of course, how far this should be followed in a small town where the funds are limited, but very vigorous trees with forty or fifty years before them are certainly worth treating to prevent further decay. Some of the cavities are in very old trees which will hardly live many years, and in these the cavities could be touched up somewhat with tools and merely treated with creosote or some such substance.

A number of trees in several different places have been affected by fire; for instance, near the Sons of Veterans hall and there are two or three elms near the library which are dying. It is unfortunate in some respects that the trees in this town are under the control of the State Highway Commission, as the agent is located in Boston, very hard to reach. Where the principal authority over the trees lives so far away it is almost impossible to have them properly attended to as they would be if a good tree warden was located in the town having jurisdiction over the trees. It would be extremely advisable to bring pressure to bear on the Highway Commission to have all trees pruned, and I think it would be well at present to have those trees removed which had been injured by fire as there is little chance for their recovery. There are also one or two in a bad state nearly owing to the winter killing of roots. It is hardly worth while attempting to prune back large elm trees which are in a more or less unhealthy condition and expect new growth. Young elms and often medium sized trees will stand topping and produce new shoots, and the growth may in time attain a sufficient size to be of some value, but if the attempt succeeds to have the Highway Commission do a thorough piece of work in pruning in Northfield it would be advisable to have these trees removed at the same time. From what I saw I should judge that \$400 or \$500 could be spent to good advantage in pruning the dead wood from the trees and removing those likely to die.

As to new trees, I should think 50 or 75 young elms and maples could be planted. The young trees already set out by the tree warden are good ones on the whole, and he has wisely chosen maples and elms of good shape and of sufficient size to make good growth. Where large trees are to be taken out and the line is broken noticeably, it would be a good plan to set out in their places trees six or eight inches in diameter so that the effect of this broken line will not be so noticeable. Trees of this size can be transplanted very successfully with a pair of horses and a large pair of wheels and a stone boat, or the wheels alone.

I saw one or two instances where wires had been attached to trees, and these should be removed. In another case poles had been guyed to trees by what is known as the "lagbolt method," which consists of driving a bolt in back of a tree and running a wire around it, supporting it by blocks of wood. In guying wires to trees it is best to have

NORTHFIELD.

Notice the new ads this week and do not overlook the old ones.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Reed, Friday, June 3.

Miss Fanny Stockbridge has returned from Woodville, N. H., on the close of school.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McGaffin of Boston were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Moody over Sunday last.

The Seminary juniors were entertained last Monday afternoon by their honorary members, Mr. and Mrs. Fitt.

Mrs. Paul Moody and Charlotte returned to Rowayton, Conn., last Wednesday. Mr. Moody spent Sunday here.

Mr. Chas. Osgood spent Sunday with his sisters, the Misses Osgood on Main St.

Mrs. Thomas Hart has gone for a short visit with her mother in So. Manchester, Conn.

F. W. Clough of Springfield, Mass., has been visiting his brother, J. E. Clough.

Come and look over Mrs. J. M. Whitmore's new belts and belting; also a fresh line of home-made underwear.

The abridged edition of "All About Northfield" is on sale today at the stores. The cover alone ought to sell the booklet. 25 cents.

Miss Elizabeth Alexander has accepted a position as piano instructor in the Southern Female College, La Grange, Ga. She will begin Sept. 1.

Dr. R. A. Torrey expects to be in town on Tuesday next, on his way home from Fredericton, New Brunswick, where he has been holding meetings the past month.

Francis E. Whittaker, formerly of Northfield, and Ada G. Simonds of Bethlehem, N. H., were married last Saturday. They will live in Orange, where Mr. Whittaker works on a farm. They visited his mother, Mrs. J. E. Clough, on their honeymoon.

Vivian and Edward Bolton who attend No. 16 school in the southern part of Winchester, have neither been absent or tardy during the year just closing. Edward is six years old, and has attended school two years with this same record. Vivian has attended four years, missing but one half day because of vaccination. This is a very commendable record, and more children should be encouraged to gain such a one.

Big Log Drive in Three Weeks

The annual log drive of the Connecticut Valley Lumber Company, Turners Falls, is about three weeks ahead of time owing to high water, and is expected at Turners Falls inside of three weeks. The drive is reported to be an exceptionally large one this year, but is being handled easier than usual on account of the continued high water, which keeps the logs from stranding on sand bars, etc., and makes sluicing easy.

Deerfield Historic Pageant

A pageant reviving scenes and incidents of Deerfield will be held in that town on Thursday evening, July 14, also Friday and Saturday afternoons, July 15 and 16, on the grounds of the Allen homestead, for the benefit of the Village Improvement Society. Indian and colonial life and customs in the 17th century, the Bloody Brook massacre, and other incidents will be portrayed. Over 500 persons will be in the performance at one time, all garbed in costumes of the period.

Here is a suggestion for a similar pageant in Northfield.

The people of Northfield who are interested in the new system of piano instruction are respectfully referred to the following purchasers: Chas. Parker, Chas. Slate, William Campbell and Frank Harness. During the past week Miss Gertrude Callender and Miss Annie Merriman have also each purchased one of the famous Richmond Pianos from the Bates and Mitchell Co., represented by Mr. M. S. Glazier. With this purchase they secure the new system of instruction by the company's teacher, Mrs. Seaholme.

Continued on page 4.

Through The Wall

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

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CHAPTER XIV.

THE MEMORY OF A DOG.

IT was a quarter past 4 and still night when Coquenil left the Hotel des Etrangers. He carried the leather bag taken from the automobile. A hundred yards behind him, in exactly similar dress, came Papa Tignol, peering into the shadows with sharpest watchfulness against human shadows bent on harming M. Paul. Close to Notre Dame the leader paused for his companion.

"There's nothing," he said as the latter joined him. "Take the bag and wait for me, but keep out of sight."

Coquenil walked across the square to the cathedral.

He was pleased and confident as he rang the night bell at the archbishop's house beside the cathedral, for he had one precious clue—he had the indication of this extraordinarily long little finger, and he did not believe that in all France there were two men with hands like that. And he knew there was one such man, for Alice had seen him. Where had she seen him?

And presently, after a sleepy salutation from the archbishop's servant and a brief explanation, M. Paul was shown through a stone passageway that connects the church with the house, and he found himself alone in Notre Dame. As he stood uncertain which way to turn the detective heard a step and a low growl, and, peering among the arches of the choir, he saw a lantern advancing, then a figure holding the lantern, then another crouching figure moving before the lantern. Then he recognized Caesar.

"Phee-et, phee-et!" he whistled softly. "Good old Caesar! There, there!" murmured Coquenil, fondling the eager head. "It's all right, Bonneton," and, coming forward, he held out his hand.

Wondering, Bonneton led the way to a small room adjoining the treasure chamber.

"Hey, Francois!" He shook a sleeping figure on a cot bed. "It's time to make the round."

Francois looked stupidly at Coquenil, and then, with a yawn and a shrug of indifference, he called to the dog, while Caesar growled his reluctance.

"It's all right, old fellow," encouraged Coquenil. "I'll see you again," whereupon Caesar trotted away reassured.

"Now, then," began M. Paul, "I want to ask about that girl who sells candles. She boards with you. You know she's in love with this American who is in prison?"

"I know."

"She came to see me the other day, and the result of her visit was—well, it has made a lot of trouble. What I'm going to say you mustn't tell a soul—least of all your wife."

"You can trust me."

"To begin with, who is the man with the long little finger that she told me about?"

"Why, that's Groener," answered Bonneton simply.

"Groener? Oh, her cousin?"

"Yes."

"I'm interested, because I have a collection of plaster hands at my house, and there's one with a long little finger that the candle girl noticed. Is her cousin's little finger really very long?"

"It's pretty long," said Bonneton. "I used to think it had been stretched in some machine. You know he's a woodcarver."

"Bonneton," continued the detective mysteriously, "I don't know whether it's from her dream or in some other way, but that girl knows things that—that she has no business to know."

Then, briefly and impressively, Coquenil told of the extraordinary revelations that Alice had made not only to him, but to the director of the Sante prison. She possessed of dangerous knowledge, and I want to know where she got it. I want to know all about this girl."

Bonneton shook his head. "We know very little about her, and the queer thing is she seems to know very little about herself. I believe she is perfectly honest. Anyhow, her cousin is a stupid fellow. He comes on from Brussels every five or six months and spends two night with us—never more, never less. He eats his meals, attends to his commissions for woodcarving, takes Alice out once in the afternoon or evening, gives my wife the money for her board, and that's all. For five years it's been the same. I've noticed she's nervous just before his visits and sort of sad after them. My wife says the girl has her worst dreams then."

"I have it!" Coquenil exclaimed presently. "Tell me about this man Francois."

"Francois?" answered the sacristan in surprise. "Why, he helps me with the night work here. He takes two meals with us a day."

"Ah! Do you think he would like to make a hundred francs by doing nothing? And you would like to make 500?"

"Five hundred francs?" cried Bonneton.

"Don't be afraid," laughed the other. "When do you expect the woodcarver?"

"He'll be here next Wednesday."

"Next Wednesday," reflected Coquenil. "He always comes when he says he will?"

"Always. He's as regular as clock-work."

"And he spends two nights with you?"

"Yes."

"That will be Wednesday night and Thursday night of next week?"

"Yes."

"Good! Now I'll show you how you're going to make this money. I want Francois to have a little vacation. He looks tired. I want him to go into the country on Tuesday and stay until Friday."

"And his work? Who will do his work?"

Coquenil tapped his breast.

"I will take Francois' place. I'll be the best assistant you ever had, and I shall enjoy Mother Bonneton's cooking. None of them will know me. You won't know me yourself."

"Ah, I see," nodded the old man wisely. "You will have a disguise."

"I shall come on Tuesday. When do you want me?"

"At 6 o'clock," answered the sacristan doubtfully. "But what shall I say if any one asks me about it?"

"Say Francois was sick and you got your old friend Matthieu to replace him for a few days. I'm Matthieu!"

"You wouldn't get me into trouble, M. Paul?" he appealed weakly.

"Papa Bonneton," answered Coquenil earnestly, "have I ever shown you anything but friendship? When old Max died and you asked me to lend you Caesar I did it, didn't I? And you know what Caesar is to me. I love that dog."

M. Paul held out his hand frankly, and the sacristan took it with emotion. "That settles it," he murmured. "I never doubted you."

"Then it's understood. Tuesday, at 6, your friend Matthieu will be here to replace Francois." The detective rose to go. He moved toward the door. "Oh, I forgot about the dog. Tignol will come for him Tuesday morning with a line from me. I shall want Caesar in the afternoon, but I'll bring him back at 6."

"All right," nodded the sacristan. "He'll be ready. Au revoir until Tuesday."

"Things are marching along," smiled Coquenil some minutes later to Papa Tignol as they rolled along toward the Eastern railway station. "You know what you have to do. And I know what I have to do. We meet Tuesday at noon near the Auteuil station beneath the first arch of the viaduct."

Coquenil had certainly chosen the busiest end of Paris for his meeting with Papa Tignol.

Their rendezvous was at noon, but two hours earlier Tignol took the train at the St. Lazare station. And with him came Caesar—such a changed, unrecognizable Caesar! Poor dog! His beautiful, glossy coat of brown and white had been clipped to ridiculous shortness, and he crouched at the old man's feet in evident humiliation.

"It was a shame, old fellow," said Tignol consolingly, "but we had to obey orders, eh? Never mind, it will grow out again."

Leaving the train at Auteuil, they walked down the Rue la Fontaine to a tavern near the Rue Mozart, where the old man left Caesar in charge of the proprietor, a friend of his. It was now a quarter to 11, and Tignol spent the next hour riding back and forth on the circular railway between Auteuil and various other stations. He did this because Coquenil had charged him to be sure he was not followed. Finally, after an amusing adventure, he met Coquenil, who had disguised himself so cleverly as to deceive even Papa Tignol himself. Going to a room in the Rue Poussin, Coquenil changed his disguise very materially, while Tignol gave him the latest news from his mother, who sent word that she was praying for his safety. Tignol later went out and procured the dog Caesar. The men then walked in the Bois toward Passy, and Coquenil recounted important discoveries he had made in Brussels regarding Groener, the woodcarver.

"I saw the place where he boards, this Adolf Groener. In fact, I stopped there, and I talked to the woman who runs it, a sharp eyed young widow with a smooth tongue, and I saw the place where he works. It's a woodcarving shop, all right, and I talked to the men there. Papa Tignol," he said impressively, "they all tell a simple story. His name is Adolf Groener. He does live in Brussels, and the widow who runs the boarding house knows all about this girl Alice."

"Then something happened," went on the famous detective. "You see, I was waiting in the parlor of this boarding house for the widow to bring me my bill, and I happened to glance at a photograph she had shown me

when I first came, a picture of Alice and herself, taken five years ago, when Alice was twelve years old. There was no doubt about the girl, and it was a good likeness of the widow. I now noticed that it had no photographer's name on it, which is unusual, and it seemed to me there was something queer about the girl's hand. I went to the window and was studying



"YOU COWARDS! YOU HAVE KILLED MY DOG!"

the picture with my magnifying glass when I heard the woman's step outside, so I slipped it into my pocket.

"As soon as I was outside I jumped into a cab and drove to the principal photographers in Brussels. There were three of them, and at each place I showed this picture and asked how much it would cost to copy it. The first two were perfectly businesslike, but the third man gave a little start and looked at me in an odd way. I made up my mind he had seen the picture before, but couldn't get anything out of him. From here I drove straight to police headquarters and had a talk with the chief. An hour later that photographer was ready to tell me the innermost secrets of his soul. He told me he made this picture of Alice and the widow only six weeks ago."

"Six weeks ago!" stared the other. "But the widow told you it was taken five years ago. Besides, Alice wasn't in Brussels six weeks ago, was she?"

"Of course not. The picture was a fake, made from a genuine one of Alice and a lady, perhaps her mother. This photographer had blotted out the lady and printed in the widow without changing the pose. It's a simple trick in photography."

"You saw the genuine picture?"

"Of course—that is, I saw a reproduction of it which the photographer made on his own account. He suspected some crooked work, and he didn't like the man who gave him the order."

"You mean the woodcarver?"

Coquenil shrugged his shoulders. Call him a woodcarver, call him what you like; he didn't go to the photographer in his woodcarver disguise. He went as a gentleman in a great hurry and willing to pay any price for the work."

"And the smooth young widow lied?"

"Lied!" snapped the detective savagely. "I should say she did."

"Then," cried Tignol excitedly—"then Groener is not a woodcarver?"

"He may be a woodcarver, but he's a great deal more. He—he—Coquenil hesitated, and then, with eyes blazing and nostrils dilating, he burst out: "If I know anything about my business he's the man who gave me that left handed jolt under the heart. He's the man who choked your shrimp photographer. He's the man who killed Martinez!"

"Name of a green dog!" muttered Tignol.

Coquenil went on, "He isn't her cousin, and she isn't Alice, and he will be at Bonneton's house tomorrow."

"What?"

"Her name is Mary, and he is her stepfather."

"How do you know that?"

Coquenil smiled. "I found an inscription on the back of that Brussels photograph—I mean the genuine one. It was hidden under a hinged support, and Groener must have overlooked it. That was his second great mistake. It read, 'To my dear husband, Raoul, from his devoted wife, Margaret, and her little Mary.' You notice it says her little Mary. That one word throws a flood of light on this case. The child was not his little Mary."

"I see, I see," reflected the old man. "And Alice? Does she know that—that she isn't Alice?"

"No."

"See here," suddenly said Coquenil; "we've talked too much. You must hurry back to Alice. Better take an auto. And, remember, Papa Tignol," he added in final warning, "there is nothing so important as to guard this girl."

A few moments later, with Caesar bounding happily at his side, M. Paul entered the quieter paths of the great park. With the dog at his heels M.

Paul turned his steps toward a beautiful cool glade. Here he came into plain view of a company of ladies and gentlemen who, having witnessed the review, had chosen this delightful spot for luncheon. They were evidently rich and fashionable people, for they had come as a coaching party on a very smart break, with four beautiful horses, and some in a flashing red and black automobile that was now drawn up beside the larger vehicle. Coquenil's interest was heightened when he overheard a passing couple say that these were the guests of no less a person than the Duke of Montreuil, whose lavish entertainments were the talk of Paris.

So they went on together, master and dog, and were passing around on the far side of the coaching party when suddenly Caesar began to nose the ground excitedly. Then, running to his master, he stood with eager eyes, as if urging some pursuit.

The detective observed the dog in surprise. Was this some foolish whim to follow a squirrel or a rabbit? It wasn't like Caesar.

"Come, come," he reasoned with friendly chiding; "don't be a baby."

Caesar growled in vigorous protest and, darting away, began circling the ground before him, back and forth, in widening curves, as Coquenil had taught him.

M. Paul was puzzled. Evidently there was a scent here, but what scent? He had made no experiments with Caesar since the night of the crime, when the dog had taken the scent of the pistol and found the alleyway footprints. But that was ten days ago. The dog could not still be on that same scent. Impossible. Then, deciding quickly, he gave the word, "Cherchez!"

On through the woods went Caesar, nose down, tail rigid, following the scent, moving carefully among the trees and once or twice losing the trail, but quickly finding it again, and presently, as he reached more open ground, running ahead swiftly, straight toward the coaching party. Coquenil realized the danger and called loudly to the dog, but his voice was drowned by the cries of ladies on the break, who, seeing the bounding animal, screamed their fright. The dog was flying full at the break, eyes fixed, body tense, and now, with a splendid effort, he was actually hurling himself through the air when among the confused figures on the coach a man leaned forward suddenly. There was a sharp report, and then Coquenil saw Caesar fall back to the ground.

"My dog, my dog!" he cried, coming up to the stricken creature.

One glance showed there was nothing to be done. The bullet had crashed into the broad breast in front of the left shoulder, and—it was all over with Caesar.

"You cowards!" flung out the heart-sick man. "You have killed my dog!"

Then some one on the break said, "We had better move along, hadn't we, Raoul?"

"Yes," agreed another. "What a beastly bore!"

CHAPTER XV.

THE WOODCARVER.

THE woodcarver kept his appointment the next day at the Bonnetons'. More than that, he seemed in excellent spirits, and as he sat down to Mother Bonneton's modest luncheon he nodded good naturedly to Matthieu, the substitute watchman, whom the sacristan introduced.

The woodcarver had thick brown hair, a short yellowish mustache and a close cut brownish beard. He was dressed, like a superior workman, in a flannel shirt, a rough blue suit, oil stained and dust sprinkled, and he wore thick soled boots. The detective was forced to admit that if this was a disguise it was the most admirable one he had ever seen.

During the meal Groener talked freely, speaking with a slight Belgian accent, but fluently enough. He seemed to have a naive spirit of drollery.

M. Paul marvelled at the man's self possession. Not a tone or a glance or a muscle betrayed him. It was marvelous acting, an extraordinary make-up, but this was his man, all right. There was the long little finger plainly visible, the identical finger of his seventeenth century cast.

The woodcarver went on to express delight at being back in Paris, where his work would keep him three or four days. Business was brisk, thank heaven, with an extraordinary demand for old sideboards with carved panels of the Louis XV. period, which they turned out by the dozen—ha, ha, ha—in the Brussels shop. Across the table Matthieu showed his appreciation of this trick in art catering, and he made bold to ask M. Groener if there would be any chance for a man like himself in a woodcarving shop. His present job at Notre Dame was for only a few days.

"I'll help you with pleasure," he said. "But today I enjoy myself. This afternoon I escort my pretty cousin Alice to hear some music."

Since the meal began Alice had scarcely spoken, but had sat looking down at her plate save at certain moments when she would lift her eyes suddenly and fix them on Groener with a strange, half frightened expression.

"You are very kind, Cousin Adolf," she answered timidly, "but—I'm not

feeling well today."

The girl hesitated, and Mother Bonneton put in harshly: "I'll tell you. She's fretting about that American who was sent to prison. A good riddance it was."

"Stop!" cried Alice.

"No, no! I'll tell it all. When a girl slips away from her work at the church and goes to see a man like Paul Coquenil!"

"Have you never heard of Paul Coquenil?" smiled Matthieu, kicking Papa Bonneton warningly under the table.

Groener answered with perfect simplicity: "No wonder you smile, M. Matthieu. But think how far away from Paris I live! Besides, I want this to be a happy day. Come, little cousin; you shall tell me all about it when we are out together. Run along now and put on your nice dress and hat."

Alice rose from the table, deathly white. It seemed to Coquenil that her eyes met his in desperate appeal, and then, with a glance at Groener, half of submission, half of defiance, she left the room.

Matthieu bowed politely and, followed by the sacristan, went out.

"Now, Bonneton," ordered the detective sharply when they were in the lower hallway, "I want you to go right across to Notre Dame, and when you get to the door take your hat off and stand there for a minute or so fanning yourself. Then Tignol, who's watching in one of these doorways, will come across and join you. Tell him to be ready to move any minute now. He'd better loaf around the corner of the church until he gets a signal from me. I'll wait here. Now, go on."

"I'm going, M. Paul; I'm going," obeyed Bonneton. And he hurried away.

Coquenil saw Alice hurrying toward him, tense with some eager purpose.

"Oh, M. Matthieu!" exclaimed the girl in apparent surprise. "I know who you are. You are M. Coquenil," now whispering.

"Does he know?"

The girl's hands closed convulsively. She stammered these singular words: "He knows everything."

"Is he planning something?"

For a moment Alice hesitated, biting her red lips. Then, with a quick impulse, she lifted her dark eyes to Coquenil. "I must tell you. I have no one else to tell, and I am so distressed, so—so afraid." She caught his hands pleadingly in hers, and he felt that they were icy cold.

"He's planning to take me away—away from Paris. I overheard him just now telling Mother Bonneton to pack my trunk. If he takes me away I—I may never come back."

"See here—you trust me?" asked the detective.

"Oh, yes!"

"You'll do exactly what I tell you?"

"I will," she declared.

"Now, listen." And, speaking slowly and distinctly, the detective gave Alice precise instructions; then he went over them again, point by point. "Are you sure you understand?" he asked finally.

"Yes, I understand, and I will do what you tell me, but"—She shook her head anxiously. "You don't know, you can't understand, what a"—she stopped as if searching for a word—"what a wicked man he is."

"I understand—a little," answered Coquenil gravely.

It was about 2 o'clock, and under a dazzling sun the trees and buildings of the square were outlined on the asphalt in sharp black shadows. Coquenil took out his watch and proceeded to wind it slowly, at which a beggar dragged himself lazily out of his cool corner and limped across the street.

"A little charity, kind gentleman," he whined as he came nearer.

And a moment later Coquenil and the beggar, who was Papa Tignol, were talking earnestly near the door-keeper's lodge.

Continued next week.

Safety in Coal Mining.

A new method of preventing explosions of coal dust in mines has been tried in the German mine Scharnhorst of the Harpener Mining company, which under certain circumstances makes blasting superfluous. According to the mining journal Glueckauf, water is introduced under high pressure into a deep bored hole of a coal body, the hole closed and the pressure allowed to act upon the coal until water is forced out through the fissures. The coal body is thus thoroughly wet and so loosened that the coal can be broken out with the miner's pick and blasting is avoided. Practical experiments in some places with this method have given very good results.

New Form of Dry Battery.

The so called dry battery is an electric cell really containing a liquid or paste whose drying out—as on standing on a shelf—destroys the usefulness of the battery, but a unique new battery cell, called the anhydrous, is dry until put to use, so that it may be kept in store indefinitely without depreciation. It simply contains the necessary chemicals in a dry state. A little water poured through a special opening puts it in action, and then, beginning perfectly new and fresh, it serves the usual purpose of the dry battery.

HUGE MOUND AS A STATE PARK.

Historic Relic Purchased by
West Virginia.

FIRST DISCOVERED IN 1772.

It Gives Moundsville Its Name and Is One of the Most Celebrated and Best Preserved Memorials of the Remains of a Prehistoric Race—Guarded by Heirs of G. S. McFadden For Years.

Standing seventy feet in height and measuring 900 feet in circumference, with trees growing upon its summit estimated to be at least 700 years old, the mammoth mound from which Moundsville, W. Va., derives its name, located on the Grave creek flats, near the Ohio river—the greatest monument of antiquity in the Ohio valley and a tremendous memorial of the aboriginal life of the prehistoric people—has been purchased by the state of West Virginia and converted into a public park.

The legislature of the Mountain State, following unceasing activity in the interest of the purchase of the mound for twenty years, appropriated \$10,000 with which to save the relic from the ravages of modern commercialism. The deed of transfer from G. S. McFadden's heirs to the state of West Virginia was formally executed before the work of beautifying the grounds was allowed to commence. Twenty-five thousand dollars is the price to be paid for the mound. Of this sum \$5,000 has been donated by the heirs as a memorial to their father, who preserved the mound for years. A similar sum was raised by subscription by the school children of the state. The last payment on the purchase price is due next October.

Builders of Mounds and "Hill Forts."

The mound in question is one of the most celebrated and best preserved of the remains of the prehistoric American race which, for lack of a better name and because of its characteristic habit of erecting these mounds, has become known as the "mound builders."

Antedating the Indian, they appear to have been driven by an invasion of strangers—possibly the first Indians—from the northwestern part of the American continent in a general southerly direction, mounds and "hill forts" marking their retreat. The best remains are found in the Miami and Ohio river valleys. There is a theory that this strange people may have migrated into Mexico and formed there the nucleus of the powerful Aztec nation, conquered by Cortes.

The mound was first discovered by Joseph Tomlinson of Pittsburgh in 1772. The man, one of the pioneer adventurers, journeyed down the Ohio river from Pittsburgh in an open canoe, searching for a location for a home in the trackless wilds. Mooring his bark near Little Grave creek, just north of where the city of Moundsville now stands, he toured the country thereabout for a suitable site for his prospective cabin, coming upon the mound.

Experiences of Its First Settler.

Realizing nothing of the historic value of his discovery or that the mound was anything more than a curious conformation of the earth, Tomlinson, impressed with the region, returned to Pittsburgh, loaded his family and his belongings upon a raft and ventured again upon the broad bosom of the Ohio. He was the first settler in this territory and to all intents and purposes the founder of the present cities of Moundsville and Wheeling. Other settlers followed the path blazed by Tomlinson in the wilderness. A small colony was formed north of the location of the mound at a point near what is now known as the city of Wheeling. As a protection against the Indians a stockade that afterward became celebrated as Fort Henry was erected. Several years later Simon Girty, the renegade, in company with White Cloud and his band of Blackfeet, marched up the Ohio and attacked the home of Tomlinson. His two small sons were slain, but he and his wife escaped to Fort Henry. The attempt of the Redskins to take the fort and their ultimate repulse are now matters of history. It was during this battle that Betsy Zane made her heroic run through the line of Indian fire to a storage house from which she secured a keg of powder to be used in defense of the fort, the ammunition having become exhausted.

A quarter of a century ago the late G. S. McFadden purchased the mound in order to prevent its being sold to a German who knew the value of the spot for a popular resort and intended opening a saloon on its summit. A year or more ago the heirs of McFadden served notice that they had held the mound as long as possible and that it would be sold at once. State officials secured an option on the property, later securing from the legislature an appropriation sufficient to warrant the purchase.

DOING AWAY WITH TOWN WASTE

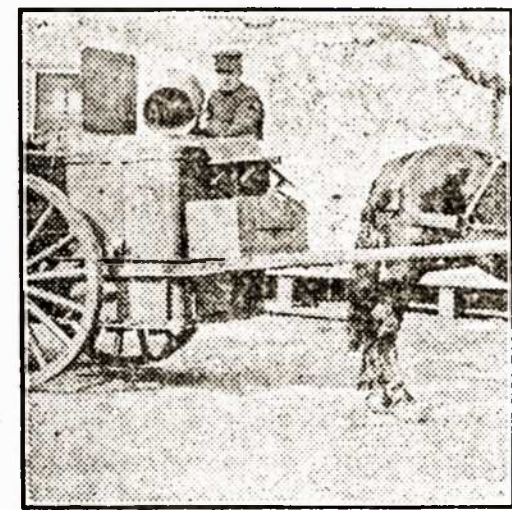
Methods For Removing and
Disposing of Garbage.

TWO VALUABLE SYSTEMS.

Contract and Municipal Plans Equally Favored In Many Parts of the United States—Eradication of Public Dumps—A Good Means of Improvement—Improved Collection Carts.

Progressive citizens of many towns are giving their attention to the means of disposing of the town's waste and the best possible method of accomplishing it. At present there are two ways of removing garbage and disposing of it. The first is by the contract system. A great number of towns prefer to have the collections made through the agency of a single contractor. A town will offer for competition a contract for one year or longer, awarding it to the lowest bidder and attempting to guard against every opportunity for neglect, delay or faulty equipment.

When under the strict observation of faithful and zealous inspectors this system can be made satisfactory and efficient. But in some cases there has grown up an abuse of the custom by which contractors combine to divide



UP TO DATE GARBAGE CART.
[From American City, New York.]

the territory and to raise the price of the service to a point beyond the legitimate cost.

There is also the danger of political control of many voters by a large contractor, who thereby becomes the proprietor of a political machine through which he is able to continue his possession of the contract. Yet the contract system is that which is most generally in use, and it may be said to be the typical American way of dealing with refuse collection and disposal.

The second is the municipal system. Towns having become dissatisfied with the first method have established their own collective systems and in most cases have also erected their own disposal plants. It is true that the municipal system has been burdened in some cases with inefficient superintendents or with employees who were time servers without desire to give faithful work and whose places were obtained through political influence. The great advantage to be gained by the municipal system is that the responsibility for good or bad service is centered directly upon the heads of departments.

Each employee is held accountable by the public for the faithful performance of his work. When streets are left dirty and garbage is not collected, when ashes are not removed and waste paper is blowing about the streets, these facts show for themselves and sound louder than any complaint that may be voiced through the newspapers.

There is still another side to this matter that is important and has to be taken up. No prospective citizen who sees the outskirts of any community ringed by garbage dumps, clouds of ill-smelling smoke and flying paper from which cover the surrounding country, can be prepossessed in favor of a place that is indifferent to such visible nuisances.

Civic associations and the women's improvement leagues can hardly find a better field for their labors than the abatement of nuisances of this sort. Many improvements have been made in the equipment used in the collection service. Only a short time ago steel wagons replaced the old wooden carts, and there is still more room for improvement. Garbage carts do not add to the beauty of any street, but they can be made less objectionable by the use of an improved model.

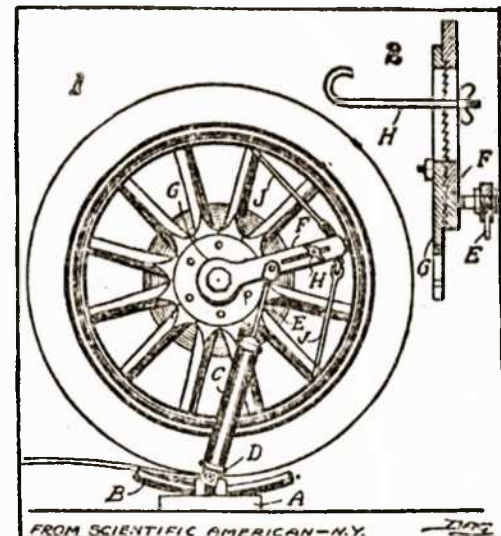
The example of improved collection wagon shown in the illustration presents an unobtrusiveness and neatness which are most desirable and which tend to remove the impression of disgust hitherto inseparable from the mental picture of a garbage cart. The whole subject of civic cleanliness as related to the sanitary treatment and disposal of municipal waste is part of or an adjunct to the curriculum in some of the leading engineering schools.

NOVEL AUTOMOBILE PUMP.

Tire Inflating Device Operated by the Car's Engine.

Pictured in the accompanying engraving is an interesting form of pump that may be used for inflating an automobile tire. The device is arranged to be operated by the automobile itself. It consists of a base, A, on which is mounted a jack used to raise an automobile axle so that the wheel will clear the ground. The base A carries a shoe, B, which is designed to assist in positioning the automobile wheel with respect to the pumping device before the jack is operated to raise it.

The pump is indicated at C and is mounted to rock on a bolt, D. The pump piston E is connected to the automobile wheel by a device shown clearly in the cross sectional view (Fig. 2). A slotted plate, F, is provided with teeth adapted to engage similar teeth on a slotted plate, G. The plate G is provided with a crank pin, to which the piston rod E is connected. The plate G is provided with an apertured extension adapted to fit over the axle of the automobile wheel. The plate F is attached to one of the spokes of the wheel by means of a hook, H, while a pair of hinged braces, J, are used to connect it with two more spokes of the wheel. In this way a rigid connection with the wheel is secured. By loosening the thumb nut on the hook H the plate F may be moved up or down on plate G so as to adjust the parts to wheels of different sizes. The distance from the crank pin to the center of the wheel, however, is fixed.



HANDY AUTOMOBILE PUMP.

In use the automobile engine is operated to rotate the wheel, and this action carries the piston up and down in a cylinder, the latter rocking back and forth to accommodate itself to the lateral throw of the crank pin. A flexible tube connects the pump with the tire that is to be inflated. By this arrangement a tire may be inflated very rapidly and the inflation carried to a further degree than is possible by the manual operation. By using a speed attachment of any of the well known types the bursting of tires due to excessive pressure may be avoided. The inventor of this automobile pump is Dr. Richard A. Goeth of San Antonio, Tex.

Magnets Clean Grain.

Explosions are often caused in flour mills and breweries by nails or other iron particles which find their way in the grain and which when they strike the steel rolls of the mills produce sparks and ignite the finely pulverized material about them, says the Scientific American. Recently a large milling concern that had been troubled by many such explosions installed a set of electromagnets, over which the grain is passed before being prepared for shipment to the breweries. All iron particles in the grain are thus picked up by the magnets, and 800 to 1,000 bushels of grain are cleaned per hour. When the magnets have collected a large amount of metal they are swung to one side, de-energized and swept clean of any particles adhering to them by residual magnetism. Since the installation of these magnets there have been no explosions in the mills.

Protection From Lightning.

In the course of a lecture before the members of the Engineering Society of Birmingham, England, Sir Oliver Lodge made the statement that it was by no means true that a building was protected from lightning when it was provided with a conductor reaching to the tallest part of the structure. In fact, he said that immunity from the flash was assured only when the building was completely covered in a metal cage. He said the problem was to dissipate the great energy of the flash, but it was not wise to dispose of it too quickly. As far as known at present, a thin iron wire offers the best protection, but it is not infallible.

A Motor Street Cleaner.

A new street cleaning machine has been invented by an engineer in Vienna. It consists of a motorcar with a revolving brush which sweeps up the dust and throws it into a large funnel, from which it is sucked up by a ventilator and deposited in large metal boxes. The boxes can be removed when full and empty ones inserted with little trouble by the driver himself. The wagon is driven by a twenty-eight horsepower motor and will clean eleven miles of street an hour.

HOUSEWIVES

Do you want to know about a wonderful new time, health and money-saving kitchen convenience?

Then you should see the complete line of "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Cooking Utensils now on exhibition at your dealers.

This ware is guaranteed by the makers for 25 years. It is absolutely pure, wholesome and thoroughly hygienic, will not crack, scale, peel, break, rust, tarnish, scorch or burn.



It is light weight, easy to handle and easy to clean; makes kitchen work a delight instead of drudgery; saves your money, time, fuel; protects your health against metal poisoning and serious troubles resulting from chipping of small particles into the food, which is one of the dangers from the use of the old style enameled wares.

You buy patent carpet sweepers, egg-beaters, dish-washers, clothes-wringers and many other time and labor saving conveniences, but there is nothing that will prove a greater practical household blessing than the "1892" Pure Spun Aluminum Ware.

Lose no time in seeing for yourself what it will do. Your money back if this ware fails to do what is claimed for it.

GEO. N. KIDDER & CO.

Paul the Tyrant.

Paul I. of Russia was very deaf and also very tyrannical. One day an aide-de-camp, intending to please him, approached and cried in his ear, "I am glad to see, your majesty, that your hearing is much improved!"

"What is that you say?" growled the czar.

Raising his voice, the aide-de-camp said, "I am glad that your majesty's hearing is so much improved!"

"Ah, that's it, eh?" chuckled the czar and then added, "Say it once more."

The aide-de-camp repeated the words, whereupon Paul I. thundered: "So you dare to make fun of me, do you? Just wait awhile."

Next day the aide-de-camp was on his way to the mines of Siberia.

The Lesson She Learned.

A fair western co-ed and one of the male seniors fell violently in love and neglected their studies shamefully. Both were expelled. The fair co-ed thereupon wrote this interesting reply to the faculty:

Gentlemen—You have expelled me for neglecting my studies, yet I have learned at your institution more than you will ever know. I have learned the meaning of love. What is the use of studying, anyway if I am not allowed to gather roses? Why should I devote myself to astronomy if I may not look at the stars? What does it profit me to spend years on mathematics and neglect my own figure? You have expelled my fiancé also. Do you think he is unhappy? We were married last evening.

—Exchange.

Alcohol In Solid Form.

The invention of a way to reduce alcohol to a solid form is attributed to the president of a wood alcohol company at Wheeling, W. Va. He has discovered how to make wood alcohol from sawdust and then makes the alcohol into half inch square chunks that cut as if they were made of cheese. A match touched to one of the little cubes of alcohol brings forth a fine bright flame, and there is not the slightest trace of smoke. Neither is there the slightest smell. By utilizing waste sawdust he claims to produce alcohol so cheap that it can undersell gasoline, which will make it available for automobiles and for all purposes for which denatured alcohol is recommended.

How to Make Beet Salad.

To nicely boiled sliced beets lay alternate rows of sliced onions, also sliced, and pour over them any salad sauce or simply oil and vinegar.



COLUMBIA

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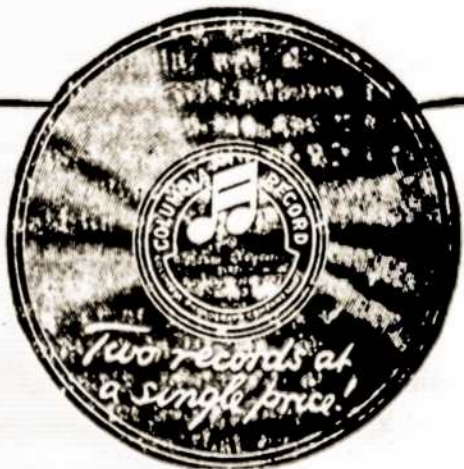
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How to Make Spaghetti Salad.

Bol the spaghetti until tender in salted water, then drain after running through cold water, add equal part of chopped celery and a little pimento, canned, for the color and flavor; make a dressing of lemon juice, one tablespoonful to three parts oil, and a very little salt.

THE NORTHFIELD PRESS

A Weekly Newspaper.

W. W. Coe

A. P. Fitt

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FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1910

An Expert's Opinion

(Continued from first page)

a large loop around the tree, supported by hardwood blocks especially made for that purpose. On the whole, it is better to allow wires to be guyed to trees occasionally rather than to compel the corporations to put up ugly supports, although poles can be held in position by the use of concrete around the base, thus obviating entirely the necessity of guyed poles to trees. The trees, however, are unusually free from any bad effects from wires.

If the trees are to be pruned it would be well to have some of the old stubs cut off. I noticed in some cases where pruning was done years before that the stubs were too long. All final cuts should be made close to the trunk of the tree, and the surface painted with very thick paint or coal tar. Mord injury to trees results from improper pruning and lack of proper treatment after pruning than from any other cause. If the pruning is done properly decay is arrested and the wound heals over properly. The cuts should always be oblique and not horizontal, so that they shed the water. I noticed a large number of limbs cut off almost horizontal and as the stubs were too long, decay will follow down the limb and produce a cavity in time.

In conclusion, I would state that I think by all means the Village Improvement society and tree warden, as well as others, should co-operate in maintaining in the old town of Northfield, the simplicity and dignity characteristic of it. Everyone should discourage the planting of exotic shrubbery and the introduction of statuary and fountains on the public green as such innovations would simply destroy the effect of the marked individuality and simplicity now characteristic of the town. Anyone desiring the ornate type of gardening for the town, should furnish a park by itself on a side street, where he could revel in it to the full, but it should not be allowed in the beautiful main street to destroy the effect of the magnificent planting. I noticed the shrubbery planted opposite the town hall in the highway, which had a very bad effect, indeed. In the first place, the bed, of rectangular shape, was not the best form for that place. It would be much better if this shrubbery was placed as a border around the building proper to shield the straight lines presented by the building itself; in fact, I saw many chances for using shrubbery and herbaceous plants to screen fences and ugly architectural lines, but to plant it in the highway, is in my estimation, very bad.

(Signed)
G. E. STONE,
Prof. of Botany.

Almost Half a Battery Objects to Journey to Manila

Washington, June 7.—A sensational dash for shore liberty, in which, it is said, eighty men of Battery C, Second field artillery, outward bound from San Francisco to Manila on the transport Logan, participated, is being investigated by Captain Griffin, commanding the battery. Thirteen of the men, two having been taken from the city prison, have been placed in the transport's brig.

According to an official report almost half the battery, just at dusk, slipped from the ship without orders, carrying arms and wearing cartridge belts, scaled a high fence around the dock and scattered along the harbor front. Some who were unable to elude the dock guard dropped overboard and swam ashore. After several hours' search the last of the truants were rounded up.

HALL SENT TO PRISON

Prominent Worcester Man Concerned in Scrape Involving Young Girls

Worcester, Mass., June 5.—Judson W. Hall, aged 74, one of the most prominent real estate dealers in this city, was sentenced to serve from six to eight years in state prison, one day to be of solitary confinement.

Hall was one of a number of well-known Worcester men who are accused of serious offenses in connection with a sensational story involving a number of girls ranging in age from 11 to 16 years.

CHOOSES ITALY AS ITS TARGET

Misfortune Comes In Form of Earthquakes and Cyclone

AVELLINO PROVINCE IS SHAKEN

Exact Number of Dead Not Yet Known, but Many Have Been Buried Alive in Ruins—Panic Prevails in Fifty-Mile Area—King, Queen and Government Act Promptly in Aiding Sufferers

Avellino, Italy, June 8.—Tuesday's earthquake, one severe shock and several minor shocks, wrought great havoc throughout the province of Avellino. The entire region, extending for a radius of fifty miles, was thrown into a panic.

While the city of Avellino practically escaped damage, the town of Calitri, thirty-five miles distant, suffered severely. Reports received here indicate that half the buildings in Calitri have been wrecked.

Many were killed in that place, while scores have been badly injured, and scores of others are said to be buried alive in the ruins.

From many other towns and villages come stories of fallen homes, death and suffering.

The convicts at the prison at Benevento became panic stricken and tried to force their way past the guards, but they were overpowered by the troops.

The people of Avellino, although somewhat reassured by the fact that the shocks did not recur, are remaining in the open. Crowds are gathered in the squares and the fields around the town, where are gathered pitiful groups who fear to return to their homes.

This region has suffered much in the past from earthquakes, and in 1851, 800 persons were killed.

The number of casualties resulting from the earthquake yesterday has not yet been definitely ascertained, some of the reports estimating the dead at fifty and the injured at several hundred.

It is feared there are many buried in the ruins of the houses which were thrown down in Calitri, while great damage was done at other places with doubtless a considerable loss of life.

The government has taken hold on the situation with promptitude and the military and civil authorities are hard at work, rendering aid to the injured, preparing places of shelter for the homeless and bending their energies to the re-establishment of order.

Premier Luzzatti received word on the disaster less than two hours after the occurrence of the quake, and he at once communicated the news to the king.

The latter left immediately for the district. He intended to go alone, but Queen Helena insisted on joining him. The king thought that this was not necessary, as the situation at Avellino was not to be compared with that at Messina, where the king and queen spent several days in alleviating the distress of the people.

In reply to the king's protests, Queen Helena retorted: "As my presence is necessary at all festivities it must not lack where the people die and weep. In the south, Italians suffer; therefore I must go. It is my place as a woman and a mother."

Misfortune seems to have chosen Italy as a target. While the south has been afflicted by an earthquake, the vast region of Sardinia, the largest island in the Mediterranean after Sicily, was ravaged yesterday by a violent cyclone. The districts of Lanusei, Tortoli, Ilbono, Elimi and Jerzu have been devastated and the crops, vineyards and cattle destroyed.

It is believed many shepherds have followed the fate of their flocks. The damage in Sardinia is estimated at \$2,000,000.

NORTON TAKES UP DUTIES

He Becomes "Assistant President of the United States"

Washington, June 7.—Charles D. Norton, formerly assistant secretary of the treasury, yesterday assumed his new duties as secretary to the president. He received many congratulations during the day and found on his desk an immense vase of American Beauty roses, which was sent by some of his Chicago friends.

A large number of senators and representatives called to see the president, and stopped in to shake hands with Norton and wish him success.

"What on earth made your mother bring home that bundle of feathers?" "I'm sure I don't know, dad, unless it was because she saw it marked 'down.'"—Baltimore American.

IS FINED \$5000 ON SMUGGLING CHARGE

Boston Woman to Appeal From Federal Court Decision

Trenton, June 7.—Convicted of attempting to smuggle personal property—Parisian gowns and lingerie—into the United States by means of a trunk with a false bottom, Mrs. Matilda M. Chesbrough, wife of a wealthy Boston shipowner, was fined \$5000 in the United States court here.

Counsel for Mrs. Chesbrough announced that an appeal would be taken to the United States circuit court of appeals.

At her trial Mrs. Chesbrough claimed that the false bottom found in her trunk was used by her while traveling as an ironing board. Her explanation, however, was not satisfactory to the court.

BLOOD DENOTES NEGRO

Decision of Justice of District of Columbia Supreme Court

Washington, June 8.—Although Justice Wright of the supreme court of the District of Columbia declared in a decision that Isabel I. Wall bore no ocular evidence of being a negro, he refused to order the board of education to admit her to the white schools. He did this on the ground that her father was a negro.

"The child's proportion of negro blood is one-eighth or one-sixteenth," said Wright. "Graduations shading toward black or graduations shading toward fairness are of very insignificant concern in determining whether one is 'colored.'"

TWO BIG ONES SUFFICIENT

New England Reported to Have Too Many Medical Schools

Boston, June 6.—That conditions would be better so far as the medical profession in the New England states is concerned if all medical schools except Harvard and Yale were eliminated is the gist of the report of the Carnegie Foundation issued today. Already there is one doctor for every 592 of the population.

The Foundation recommends higher standards in medicine generally throughout the country, and says this is decidedly applicable to the New England states.

GIRL CAPTURES BURGLAR

Wields Seltzer Bottle and Tumbler With Pronounced Success

New York, June 6.—Unmindful of a revolver which he levelled at her, Freda Dolinsky, aged 20, tackled a burglar in her parents' home shortly after midnight and floored him with a seltzer bottle.

She followed this by breaking a tumbler on the burglar's head, stunning him, then sat on him until help arrived. She is the daughter of a silk manufacturer.

Shoots Lover and Kills Self
Quincy, Mass., June 6.—The motive for the shooting of James E. Shannon by Ella Lawson, who killed herself, was the belief of the young woman that he had transferred his affections to another. Shannon is reported to have slim chance of recovery.

Bean Thrower in Insane Asylum
Berlin, June 5.—Abraham Elerweiss, who threw a can of beans at the crown prince, has been placed in an insane asylum at Dalldorf.

IN BOSTON MARKETS

Butter—Northern creamery, 28½¢; 29½¢; western, 28½¢@29½¢; jobbing prices, 1¢@2¢ higher.

Cheese—York state, 15½¢@16¢; Vermont, 15¢@15½¢.

Eggs—Fancy hennerly, 26¢@27¢; eastern extras, 23¢@24¢; western, 22¢@23¢.

Potatoes—Aroostook, 75¢@80¢ bag; western Maine, 75¢@80¢ bag; new southern, \$2@2.50 barrel.

Apples—Fancy Baldwins, \$4@5; russets, \$3@4.50.

Truck—Onions, Egyptian, \$2.25@3 bag; Texas, \$1.50@1.75 crate; turnips, yellow, \$3@3.50 bag; white Cape, \$3@3.50 bag; cabbage, new southern, \$1@1.25 crate; parsley, \$2.50@3 box; beets, 75¢@1 box; carrots, \$1.25@1.50 box; parsnips, 50¢@75¢ box; radishes, 75¢@1 box; dandelions, 30¢@50¢ box; beet greens, 25¢@50¢ box; cucumbers, \$2@5 box; peas, \$1.25@2.25 basket.

Fresh beef—Extra sides, 11½¢@12¢; heavy hinds, 12½¢@13½¢; heavy forees, 10¢@10½¢.

Lamb and veal—Spring lambs, 18¢@17¢; winter lambs, 14¢@15¢; yearlings, 10¢@12¢; mutton, 11¢@13¢; veals, 10¢@13¢.

Poultry—Western turkeys, 25¢@27¢; native broilers, 35¢@40¢; northern fowl, 20¢@21¢; western fowl, 19¢@19½¢; squab, \$2.75@3 dozen; spring ducks, 21¢@22¢.

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\$5000 SHORTAGE CHARGED

New Hampshire Postmaster Is In Custody of Deputy Sheriff

North Conway, N. H., June 7.—Charged with a shortage of \$5000 in his official accounts, Postmaster Arthur Charles of North Conway will be arraigned before the United States commissioner at Portsmouth.

Charles, who is now in the custody of Deputy Sheriff Seavey, is said to have followed the stock market quotations closely for a year or so.

He is 28 years old and unmarried and has been the local postmaster for five years. He is a Mason of high degree and has been prominent in church work. Postoffice Inspector Stone is at work upon the case.

President Fellows Resigns
Bangor, Me., June 8.—President Fellows has presented his resignation to the trustees of the University of Maine. He will preside at the commencement exercises this week and will perform the usual duties of his office until the resignation has been acted upon.

Soldiers Struck by Lightning
Dresden, June 8.—Lightning struck an infantry regiment that was marching into the German camp here. A whole company was hurled to the ground. Three soldiers were killed outright and fifteen seriously injured.

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Sunday School, 12 m.

Trinitarian Congregational
Main St., near Mill Brook
Rev. N. Fay Smith, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.45 and 7.30
Thursdays, 8 p. m.

St. Patrick's Parish
Main Street
Rev. J. S. Nelligan, Pastor
Services every alternate
Sunday at 8.30 a. m.

Advent Christian Church
South Vernon
Rev. A. E. Phelps, Pastor
Sundays, 10.45, 12, 6.30 and 7.30
Thursdays, 7.30 p. m.

Church News.

Rev. F. B. Meyer will speak in Sage chapel on Sunday evening at 7.30. A Round Top meeting will be held at 4.00 p. m., with the alumnae in charge.—On Sunday, June 19, the annual offering and pledges to pay the salary of Miss Russell, missionary in China, will be made for the ensuing year at the Congregational Church.—The Flower Mission of Boston is again asking for flowers for distribution among the sick and poor of the city. Wild or cultivated flowers may be brought to the residence of Mrs. Ella M. Lazelle on Highland Avenue on any Friday forenoon, and will be sent by express on the same day.

June.

Oh the sweet month of June,
With its blossom and bloom,
And its flower-laden breezes so sweet;
With its sunshine and shadows,
Its flower-bedecked meadows,
All awake from their long winter's sleep.

All nature is gay,
And the birds trill their lay,
As if praising their Father above;
So let us, too, rejoice,
With heart, soul and voice,
For His greatness, His goodness and love

For this lesson we see
In each blossoming tree,
We, too, must one day fall asleep,
To awaken again.
Free from sorrow and pain,
Into beauty and joy full and deep.

Then look forth and be glad,
Nevermore then be sad
When you lay those you love in the tomb,
But look forth to the time
In a sunnier clime,
Where all life is like bright, sunny June.

E. H. B.

Mount Hermon.

The program in connection with the dedication of the new gymnasium was carried out last Saturday as announced. The day was a beautiful one, and a large crowd attended the exercises. There are few gymnasiums in the country that are better equipped than this one, representing an outlay of \$150,000. It is the gift of Mrs. D. Willis James and her son, Arthur Curtiss James.—Mrs. W. F. Nicolls is dangerously ill, suffering from an attack of paralysis with other complications.—Rev. F. B. Meyer preached two inspiring sermons here last Sunday. It was a rare treat to have him with us.

Northfield Farms.

A little daughter has been welcomed to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parsons.—Mrs. Robert Mitchell has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. Hattie Wood.—Children's Sunday will be observed at Dist. No. 3 Sunday, June 12, at 3 o'clock. There will be speaking and singing by the children and special music.—Services will be held in Union Hall, at the Farms every Sunday at 7 p. m.

Sons of Veterans.

The next quarterly meeting of the Western Mass. Association of the Sons of Veterans will be held in Northfield on Friday, June 1. Business meeting will be called to order at 2.30, followed by an interesting program. Banquet at 6.30, followed by speeches and discussions of topics of interest. Meetings will be held in the Town Hall. James T. Cummings is president, and A. W. Proctor secretary of the organization.

The Commencement exercises of the High School will be held in the Town Hall Thursday evening, June 23.

Doctor: "My dear madam, your husband's distressing symptoms are entirely due to a poor circulation." Lady: "How true, doctor! He is a newspaper proprietor."

Mrs. M. Conroy and daughter Jennie of Troy, N. Y. are guests at the Highland House.

MARGARETTA DREXEL

Becomes the Bride
of British Nobleman

BECOMES BRIDE
OF NOBLEMAN

Miss Drexel Weds Viscount
Maldstone, Who Is Penniless

LONDON SOCIETY TURNS OUT

Every Detail, Even to Name of Church, Arranged to Introduce Flower Name of Bride, Who Wears Golden Train—Ten Bridesmaids Linked by Chain of Real Daisies—Heads Bound With Myrtle Leaves

London, June 8.—London society and English nobility forgot for the moment today the nation's bereavement, for they gathered at St. Margaret's church, Westminster, to witness the wedding of Miss Margaretta Drexel, only daughter of Anthony J. Drexel and wife of London and Philadelphia, and Viscount Maldstone.

Like many international marriages, the groom is a popular but penniless member of England's nobility. The bride, with her brother, Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., who recently married Miss Marjorie Gould in New York, is heir to the Drexel fortune of \$60,000,000.



VISCOUNT MALDSTONE

High British religious and political officialdom graced the nuptials with their presence. The bishop of London, assisted by Canon Benson, rector of St. Margaret's church, performed the ceremony, which was that of the English church.

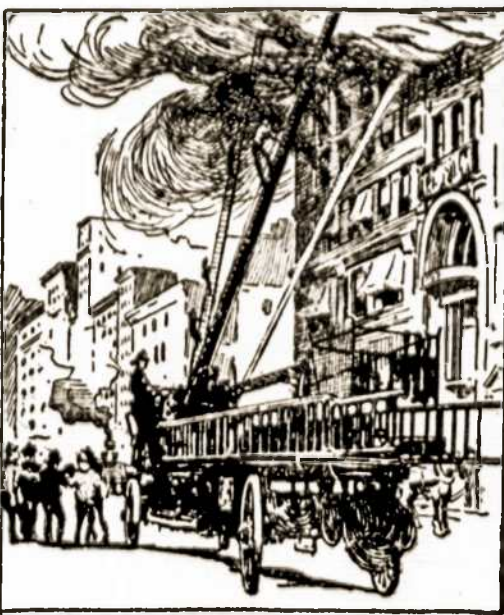
Not only was the ceremony held in a church bearing Miss Drexel's name, but every detail of the affair was arranged to introduce her flower name.

Her trousseau dresses, made in Paris, were decorated with marguerites. Satin corsets wrought in daisies came from great Paris corsetiers. The Irish lace trimmings, the lingerie and linen was of applique marguerites or crocheted to the same design.

The ten bridesmaids, clad in "angel robes" of white crepe, long and straight, with draped train caught to the sides with daisies, walked hand in hand, linked by a chain of real daisies. They represented Botticelli's exquisite allegory of "Spring." Their heads were bound with fillets of fresh green myrtle leaves, crossing their brows and ending over the ears in huge round balls of wild daisies. From the floral bandeaux gauze vells floated to the hems of their satin garments and their footgear of silver leather covered stockings of silver thread especially woven.

The bridesmaids, all tall, of elegant figure, exceedingly handsome, and most of them brunettes like Miss Drexel, made a remarkable following.

FIRE



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WOMAN AT THE HEAD

By SADIE OLCOTT

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In the little hamlet of Nordbastedt, near Meldorf, a singular custom is observed annually. According to tradition, it dates back to the thirteenth century. During that era the hamlet was on one occasion attacked by a band of robbers, and the men of the village were soon compelled to beat a retreat.

Thereupon the women boldly attacked the robbers and not only vanquished them, but also took the leader and several of the band prisoners. As a token of their gratitude the men have ever since allowed the women to celebrate this great event by holding a festival at stated intervals, and on such occasions they exercise no authority themselves, but submit in all things to the will of the women.

Now, there lived in this hamlet a pair of lovers, Carl Koopman and Gretchen Boucher, who had often discussed the relative hardship of men and women's work, Carl averring that women have a very easy time. When a few days before their marriage one of these festivals was to come off, Gretchen ordered Carl to report himself at her home, where she lived with her father and mother and a number of younger brothers and sisters aged all the way from fourteen years to three months, and to remain there during the day subject to her directions.

On the day of the festival Carl appeared, good natured, smiling, evidently much pleased at the novel situation of obeying his sweetheart for a whole day. He found Gretchen in care of the family, her father and mother having taken a holiday and gone into Meldorf to enjoy themselves.

"Wash the breakfast dishes," said Gretchen.

Carl went into the kitchen, poured some water into a pan and proceeded to wash the dishes. When he had finished he called Gretchen to inspect his work. She looked over the dishes and put her finger in the dishwasher.

"Stone cold," she said. "Heat some water and do them again. Look at the grease on them."

Carl was a trifle sobered at this, but he was resolved to do his part and obey orders implicitly. He heated some water and washed the dishes again, scalding his fingers at the work. Gretchen permitted him to put the dishes in the cupboard, then told him to do the morning sweeping. He sent the dust up into the room, and it settled on the furniture instead of the floor. After an hour's work Gretchen told him to stop, to get some wet tea leaves, put them on the floor and do the work over.

Having given him a scolding, Gretchen told him that he was to mind the baby while she took the children out for a walk. He was to have the dinner ready by the time they returned.

Carl saw her depart with misgivings. The novelty of the situation was wearing off. The baby was quite peaceful for a time, then suddenly began to bawl. Carl took it up and walked about with it for awhile, then put it down again. But the baby was not minded to be put down. The squawling recommenced. Carl took it up again, but the squawling being renewed he repeated the process again and again. In other words, he was obliged to keep the baby in his arms. About noon the child fell asleep on his shoulder, and he laid it in its crib.

It was now time to get the dinner, and Carl congratulated himself upon the baby being eliminated from the problem. Gretchen had put some bacon in one dish and some potatoes which he was to fry in another. This was all the cooking he was to do, and he had told her that he had often done it while camping and would have no trouble. He sliced the potatoes and the bacon and when he considered the fire hot enough set the pans containing them on it, having first heated some fat for the potatoes.

Both the bacon and the potatoes began to sizzle, and Carl was turning the latter when the baby woke up. The child cried to be taken up, but Carl couldn't well leave his cooking, so he let it lie till he was afraid it would burst a blood vessel, when he went to it, a greasy fork in one hand and a towel in the other, and tried to soothe it. But the baby screamed harder and harder, as much as to say "If you don't take me up I'll commit suicide in spasms." Carl tried to coax it, then, losing his patience, scolded. Neither had any effect.

Meanwhile the fire was getting very hot, and suddenly the fat used in cooking the potatoes caught fire and threatened the destruction of the house. Carl tried to blow out the blaze. Failing in this, he seized a cloth and tried to fan it out. Then the baby ceased crying, and Carl, suspecting something wrong, looked at and saw that it was making one of those gasps for breath babies make between squawks. He ran to it. It recovered its breath and began again to yell in deadly rage. Carl ran from it to the potatoes, seized the

blazing pan and threw it out of the door.

When a few minutes later Gretchen came home she found the potatoes in the yard, the bacon shriveled to one-tenth its proper size, and Carl was glaring at the baby as though tempted to throw it in the fire.

Seeing Gretchen, he threw the baby down and rushed from the house, followed by a peal of laughter.

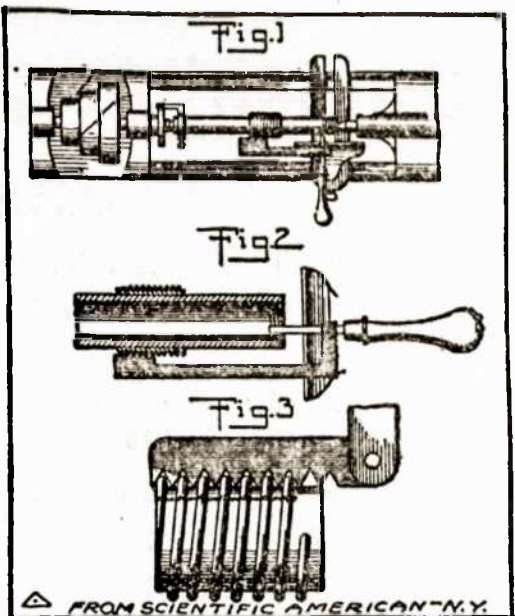
HINT FOR THE WORKSHOP.

How to Cut Threads Without a Screw Cutting Lathe.

The ordinary way to cut a thread by hand is to use a thread chasing tool with the number of teeth per inch wanted. The difficulty in chasing a thread is in the starting. It takes a great deal of practice, and even then a "drunken" thread may be the result.

The accompanying illustrations show how this can be done in a very simple way and yet give an absolutely true thread.

If a number of screws are to be cut the best way to proceed is as follows: Take a thin piece of tubing that will just fit over the bar or bolt to be threaded. In one end drill a small hole, into which fasten the end of a spring brass wire, preferably by soldering. Then wind the wire around the tube half a dozen or more turns. Now take a thread gauge. Select the number of threads per inch wanted and place it lengthwise of the tube, bringing one turn of wire in each notch, after which pull the free end of the wire and keep it tight. Solder the coils to the tube, using only the corner of the soldering iron. Then move the



SCREW CUTTING DEVICE.

gauge one-third of a turn around the tube and repeat the soldering, and finally move the gauge again an equal distance and solder.

It will now be seen that there is a perfect thread or spiral around the tube, which we will call the master thread. This master thread must be slipped on the bar or bolt to be threaded, so that it will not turn, allowing enough room at the end for the threads to be cut. The cutting tool consists of an ordinary hand tool, with only one point. Procure a small piece of wood long enough to reach over the master thread and to the end of the bolt. Into this piece of wood drill a hole just large enough for the cutting tool to slip through and fit snugly. In operation the cutting tool is held in the right hand in the usual way. Then with the left thumb press the piece of wood against the master screw and start up the lathe. The master screw will feed the cutting tool the right pitch. As soon as a good start is obtained the tool will feed itself without the aid of the master screw.

Fig. 1 illustrates a plan view of an ordinary lathe ready to cut a thread. Fig. 2 shows how internal threads may be cut, and Fig. 3 shows the master thread.

Sterilizing by Violet Rays.

For the sterilization of liquids it seems that the ultra violet light is more effective than ozone. The light is best produced by the aid of a mercury vapor lamp with tubes of quartz instead of glass. In the experiments made this tube was placed in direct contact with the water or other fluid being used. The action of the rays seemed to vary with the distance of the lamp, but the temperature of the liquid seemed to have no effect, for the bactericidal action was the same when the liquid was frozen as when warm. It was found that the penetrative action of the light was somewhat affected by the character of the liquid, for in treating anything of an opaque nature, like milk, it was necessary to provide shallow pans. Milk could not be treated for a depth of more than one inch.

Facility of the Mind.

The researches and experiments of a French scientist have led him to the conclusion that the cerebral nervous system is incapable of perceiving more than an average of ten separate impressions a second. After each excitation of the nerves a period of inertia follows, lasting about one-tenth of a second, and during this period a new impression cannot be made. According to the investigations of this scientist, a person cannot make more than ten or at the most a dozen separate voluntary movements of any kind in a second, although the muscles, independently of the will, are capable of making as many as thirty or forty.

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Railway Platform Improvements.
Most of the station platforms on European railways are level with the floor of the passenger car, the compartment door opening a few inches above. A practice intended for the safety of passengers has been introduced at some of the stations on the Great Western railway of England. This is to paint the edge of the station platform white for a width of about twelve inches. This is intended as a caution which automatically calls a passenger's attention to the position of the edge. It is no doubt useful at all times, but would probably be particularly serviceable at night.

Weight of a Crowd.
In figuring out the supporting strength for theater galleries, grand stands and such structures, the weight of a crowd is estimated at from 123 to 133 pounds per square foot.

The Best Kiteflier in Town.
Some years ago there died in Nebraska a man named Walsh, who, as a boy, started a suspension bridge. When Walsh was about ten years old the first steps for the construction of the suspension bridge at Niagara were taken. The first thing necessary was the stretching of a single wire across the chasm. The engineer in charge had thought of a way to get it across. "What boy is the best kiteflier in town?" he asked.

The Walsh boy was named as the best kiteflier in the town of Niagara Falls, and the engineer accordingly asked that he be brought to him. He was made to understand that he must fly his kite across the Niagara river. He flew it across and allowed it to come down on the other side. Men were there to seize it. Then the engineer attached a wire to the string on his side, and the men on the other side detached the kite and by means of the string drew the wire across. By this, in turn, a cable was drawn across, and the bridge was well begun.—Harper's Weekly.

Antiquated Customs.
There is no court in Europe more tenacious of its etiquette—which was inaugurated several hundreds of years ago—than that of Spain. It is said that King Ferdinand VII. once made

CALENDARS AND DIARIES.

Northfield Illustrated Calendar for 1910, on sheets 14x11 inches, a separate leaf for each month. 40 cents (postage 10 cents extra).

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Standard diaries for 1910.

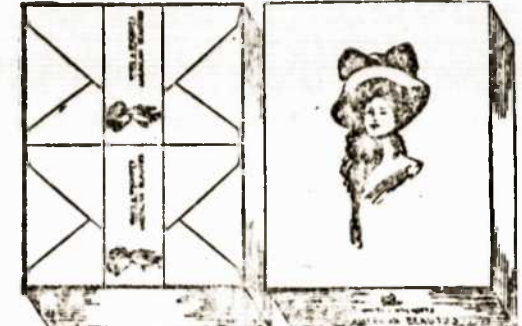
Diary edition of TEXT FOR TODAY, 35 cents.

D. L. Moody Year Book, 75 cents.

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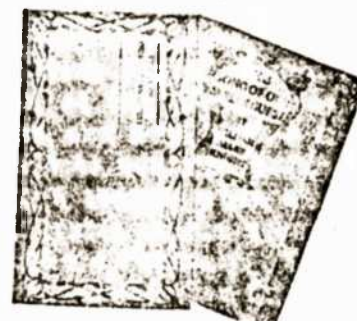
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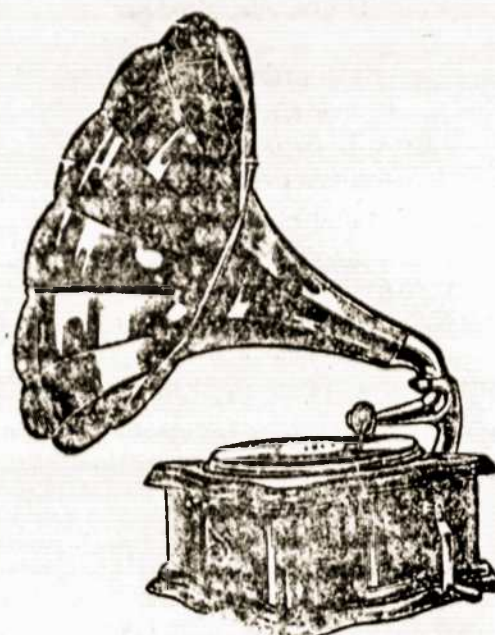


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We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price \$4.55 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, last longer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

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DO NOT WAIT or a pair of tires from anyone until you know the new and wonderful offers we are making. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write it NOW.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

a minister resign because he had accidentally touched his hand. One of the quaintest ceremonies is the closing of the royal palace gates at Madrid every night. Electric light has been in use in the palace for quite a long while, but nevertheless every evening at 11 o'clock the officiating gentleman in waiting appears, accompanied by several servants, who carry ancient lanterns, to demand a huge key from a higher official to lock the doors of

the palace. This is all the more amusing as the huge key does not fit the modern keyholes. The key is then returned to a third official, and every night gentlemen in waiting have to patrol the corridors of the palace, though sufficient guards are about, to watch over the slumbers of their royal master.

Subscribe for THE PRESS

FOOTWEAR STYLES.

Mildly Will Wear Dainty Sandals For Dressy Occasions.

Boots and shoes for dressy wear have patent leather vamps with cloth tops. All black is smarter than colored tops, although some women like white tops.

Laced sandals will be used as dress shoes. They are fascinating and have a tendency to decrease the size of the foot because the toes are short. They are made of the softest kid and decorated with dainty beading in a shade that matches the color of the kid, so that, while such footwear is beautiful, it is by no means conspicuous and should be practical.

A few changes are seen in styles for walking shoes this season. For example, the models in button and lace are not so high as those worn last year. Vici kid is the approved



THE SMALL GIRL'S LINEN FROCK.

leather for wear with tailored gowns. For afternoon wear, patent leather vamps with cloth tops are proper.

Linens are popular for the small girl's frock, and the model pictured is up to date in every way. A plain linen is used, combined with a stripe.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern comes in sizes from four to ten years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6436, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

MODISH MATTERS.

When the Collarless Gown Should Not Be Worn.

A pretty throat is a charming thing to possess, and the woman who owns one this season is going to wear low cut gowns. It is the woman who shows an ugly neck who is making the collarless gowns offensive.

Changeable taffeta is back again in style for waists and whole dresses.



BOY'S SAILOR SUIT.

Blue and green, gray and gold are among the smartest blendings.

A new and effective belt is of leather four inches wide and plain, with rectangular buckle covered with velvet.

One of the novelties of the season is a black chiffon Russian tunic heavily embroidered in black floss. It is worn over a lingerie princess frock.

On many of the new frocks the girle or belt does not encircle the entire

waist. Coats may be held in merely at the back and on the sides, or a belt arrangement may appear in front and back and not at the sides.

The sailor suit for boys is always worn, and in the costume of this season there is little difference from those of other years. It is very smart developed in check, which makes a little variation from the usual blue serge.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern is cut for boys of eight, ten and twelve years of age. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6443, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

HERE AND THERE.

Long, Unbroken Lines Are the Mode. A New Watch Chain.

The tendency in summer styles is toward long, unbroken lines with less of the tunic, lavase and plaited or full flounce ideas which obtained last year, and as a result this season's models are generally becoming.

Black moire ribbon about half an inch wide is very smart for watch chains with jeweled slides placed at intervals down the length of the ribbon.

There are many plain skirts or skirts with inset plaits in the linen suits of



FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

the tailored type, and usually the skirt is decidedly short.

Really protective aprons are always practical ones. The model in the cut is so simple that it can be made in an hour or so.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

This May Manton pattern comes in three sizes—small size 32 or 34 bust measure, medium 36 or 38, large 40 or 42. Send 10 cents to this office, giving number, 6533, and it will be promptly forwarded to you by mail. If in haste send an additional two cent stamp for letter postage, which insures more prompt delivery.

How to Pack Bottles.

A difficulty hard to overcome is the packing of bottles, especially when so many are needed on the summer or fall vacation. It should be first ascertained that the corks are sound and that the liquid will not be allowed to seep through them. Then cut pieces of small, pliable wire. Draw a piece of the wire around the neck of each bottle and make a loop, drawing tight. Put the other end across the cork, forming another loop around the neck of the bottle. When it is prepared in this way the bottle may be carried in trunk or bag without danger of leakage.

How to Make Almond Sauce.

This is an excellent sauce to serve with any boiled or baked pudding. Blanch and pound eight ounces of sweet almonds with a few spoonfuls of rosewater or lemon juice. Add to a pint of thin cream and four table-spoonfuls sugar. Allow to come to a boil. Pour over the well beaten yolks of three eggs. Stir over hot water until it thickens. Just before serving add the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff snow. It then becomes a delicious foamy sauce and may be served either hot or cold.

How to Cook Lentils.

Pick over a pint of lentils and soak half an hour in cold water. Cook a small knuckle of ham or smoked shoulder or a piece of smoked bacon and skim it; then add the lentils and a good sized onion cut up. Have about three quarts of water and boil together about an hour and a half. Pare and dice six potatoes; then add them to the lentils and salt and pepper to taste. Add half a teaspoonful of marjoram or poultry dressing. This is very palatable.

APPRECIATION OF MUSIC.

How to Enjoy It by Following a Little Sound Advice.

Keep your ears open for new harmonies and your heart open for new personalities is the best way to appreciate music. The harmonies may sound harsh at first, as our sweetest harmonies sounded harsh to older times and sound harsh to the Chinese today. The new personalities may seem erratic and crazy at first, as Beethoven and Wagner and Monteverde and Gluck seemed in their day.

But keep your mind hospitable. If you read that So-and-so is stingy or that he is rude to his friends or that he drinks too much or dresses too extravagantly or not extravagantly enough do not be misled into confusing the artist with his work. It is pitiful that these things must be true, but "The Messiah" is no less great because Handel was an outrageous glutton; "Don Giovanni" is no less wonderful because of Mozart's personal vagaries; "The Creation" is no less majestic because Papa Haydn was an old fop eternally at war with his wife; the "Ninth Symphony" is no less majestic because Beethoven was an impossible curmudgeon who treated his friends like dogs.

On the other hand, the cheap, the empty, the tawdry compositions whose names are now forgotten were no more great because their composers may have been far more scholarly, far more gentlemanly, sometimes far more popular and prosperous than the great masters. A man's personal vices and virtues are for him to carry with him to another judgment than the artistic tribunals of posterity. Let history or biography deal with the workman; art deals with the work.

So remember that great music is being written today and will be written tomorrow and be ready for it with a welcoming mind. Despise nothing because it is new nor yet because it is old. Judge each thing by itself, asking simply: "Has it meaning? What is it trying to say? How effectively, how sincerely, with what novelty, is it said?"

Remember that the greatest works ever written were once mere novelties whose obscure fathers trembled in anxiety. Remember that at the next concert you attend your elbow neighbor may sneer or slumber at some work which will be glorious when he and you and the sons of your sons' sons are dust.—Rupert Hughes in *De-linicator* For May.

WELCOME GUEST.

How a Girl Can Make Herself a Popular Visitor.

The girl who hankers after invitations must understand the art of being entertained.

"Why do I invite Ethel so much?" a woman once said of a young girl to whom she had shown many favors. "I invite her because she is a joy to have around. She never looks bored, is enthusiastic over every plan you make for her, is in for everything, yet does not expect to be on the go every minute."

Too many girls make the mistake of thinking the sole responsibility of a successful visit lies with the hostess. The folly of this is shown when the same hostess, with the same plans for a visit, will find one guest a delight and the other such a burden that the end of her stay is a welcome relief.

It is up to every girl who wants to be a popular visitor to see that she makes herself so. Learn to accept what is done for you graciously, to be pleased with trifles or to appear so whether you would secretly much prefer to be doing something else, to be happy and animated, which does not mean gushing and giggling, and to be always in accord with everything. If you can't be these things don't visit.

How to Clean Feathers.

To clean an osprey a lather is made of white soap and tepid water. The osprey is then taken in the left hand and dipped into the suds; the right hand is drawn down from stem to tip time after time till the osprey is quite clean. If black or white it is then rinsed in clear tepid water tinged with blue. It must be constantly shaken until dry. All colors require redyeing. White ostrich feathers and fancy long plumes can be beautifully cleaned by soaking five minutes in warm suds containing a teaspoonful of baking soda. Draw them lightly through the hand, rinse in clear water and dry by shaking over the stove.

How to Make Orange Punch.

Place in a basin a half pound of granulated sugar and a quart of lukewarm water. Squeeze out the juice of two each of lemons and oranges, add the grated rind of one orange and briskly mix with a wooden spoon for five minutes. Strain through a Chinese strainer into a small ice cream freezer, cover the freezer, bury in a tub with broken ice and rock salt and freeze for thirty-five minutes. Divide into six sherbet glasses and serve.

How to Clean a Sponge.

To clean the bath sponge, which should be a good shape, plunge it in water in which you have put the juice of a half lemon and allow it to remain overnight or about twelve hours.

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¶ The influence of environment is most fully exemplified in the home.
 ¶ The wall paper is one of the most potent factors; its selection, therefore, of the most vital importance.
 ¶ The Alfred Peats "Prize" Wall Papers cover the widest range of patterns, coloring and price.
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The Columbia Phonograph Company owns the original patents covering the making of modern records. They use materials that no other maker can secure. They employ processes that they absolutely control. They operate the largest factory in its line in the world. If organization counts for anything, if system means anything, if constant invention and experiment are worth considering, Columbia Records ought to be beyond comparison—and they are! Finest tone, longest life, widest choice. Come in and listen.

FOR SALE BY
NORTHFIELD PRESS

Prayer Meeting in the Commons.

For many years a prayer meeting has been held in the house of commons once a week during every parliamentary session. No one knows who originated the idea, but the records of the proceedings, which are faithfully noted each week, show that in the year 1833 the well known Quaker Mr. T. Fowell Buxton and the evangelicals Sir George Grey and Mr. Zachary Macaulay were in constant attendance. The prayer meeting is held in a room granted for the purpose by the sergeant-at-arms and is restricted to twenty minutes. The proceedings are very simple. At each weekly meeting a president for the following week is chosen. On the day of assembling—Tuesday, at 5 o'clock—the president for the day opens the meeting, reads a portion of the Scriptures and either offers an extempore prayer or calls on one of the members to pray. Two or three others offer short prayers, and the meeting closes with the benediction.—*London News*.

The will of Julia Lord Taintor gives \$5,000 to Bacon academy and \$2,000 to the First Ecclesiastical society of Colchester, Conn., and bequeaths her personal property to the wives of her five brothers, who are named in the will as follows: Isabella Comstock (Joe's Belle), Isabella Ryan Taintor (Smith's Belle), Isabella Spencer (Jim's Belle), Annabelle Taintor (Ed's Belle) and Georgiana Taintor (Charlie's Belle).

Deep Places in the Pacific.

There are some deep places in the ocean off the Pacific coast. Four or five lines have been run from different parts of the coast between San Francisco and San Diego and Honolulu, and an average depth of 2,700 fathoms, or over three miles, was found. Grades steeper than any streets were encountered near the Hawaiian Islands. On the northern one of these Hawaiian lines, about 900 miles westward from San Francisco, a submarine mountain was discovered. Its summit was 338 fathoms below the surface of the ocean, and it arose from the profound depth of 2,700 fathoms. This submarine mountain's height would therefore be 13,872 feet.

Use Fireworks to Save Crops.

The great grainfields of the Sandborn ranch in Shasta county, Cal., are ingeniously protected at night from the vast flocks of wild geese and other aquatic fowls that do immense damage to crops by means of a display of fireworks. Skyrockets and roman candles were bought in large quantities by the management of the ranch, and men are stationed at various points. Whenever a flock is heard "honking" in the distance several skyrockets or a shower of colored balls from a roman candle are sent upward, and as a result the birds give the ranch a wide berth.

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FOR SALE—New and second hand 4 cly., 35 H. P., double chain drive automobiles, of our own make, at bargain prices.

Grout Automobile Co.,
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FOR SALE—At \$100 per share, \$25,000 of 6 per cent. **NON-TAXABLE PREFERRED STOCK** of the Grout Automobile Company. Interest is payable semi-annually; stock is redeemable in 6 years at 106, and nets the investor 7 per cent.

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FOR SALE—Exclusive Bakery business in Northfield and vicinity. With the plant will be included the horses, wagons, etc. Also a small stock of Groceries. Prosperous business. Reasonable price.

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FOR SALE—An Angelus Piano Player with 25 rolls of music. Practically new.

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FOR SALE—A good Surrey.
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WANTED—A good cook.
Mrs. H. W. Thayer,
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FOR SALE—Gold fish. Large and beautiful. Call and see them.
M. G. Kakhtalian,
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FOR SALE—Two-horse Tip Cart cheap.
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Summer Subscription

THE PRESS for 3 months
June, July and August for

30 Cents.

Six months for 50 centg
One Dollar a year.

Mrs. Emerson Putnam is visiting her daughter in Worcester.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Callender of Summit, N. J., are visiting Mrs. Callender's mother, Mrs. Amanda Holton.

NORTHFIELD

All kodaks bought at "The Levering Studio" will be cleaned free of charge.

The list of prizes for Grange children is unavoidably crowded out. It will appear next week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Breinig have opened "Ruhe-heim" for the season.

Mrs. Marion Barnard of Clinton, Iowa, is visiting her brother, C. A. Ware.

Mrs. Myrtle Proctor and daughter Julia have been spending a few days with the home folks.

The High School nine won a victory over the Gill base ball team at Gill last Saturday. Score 10 to 4.

Mrs. Isaac Sprague of Hinsdale, N. H., and Miss Bessie Symonds of Springfield are visiting Mrs. L. H. Lazelle.

Rev. A. L. Snell, D.D., pastor of the First Baptist Church of Fitchburg, and Mrs. Snell were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Warner last Friday.

Miss Hope Walker, while following her profession during the summer months will make her home with Miss Leonard on Main St.

A daughter, Elizabeth Philbrick, was born Friday, June 3, to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Hann of Enfield, Mass., and Washington, D. C.

Jesse E. Lyman is looking forward to a busy summer with his auto. Rev. N. Fay Smith and family are among those who have recently engaged Mr. Lyman for an outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Keith announce the marriage of their daughter, Edith Constance, to Sidney A. Maglathlin, June 6, at East Bridgewater. Mr. Maglathlin's mother was formerly Miss Clara Webb of Northfield.

Mrs. W. R. Moody accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Curtis James to New York after the Hermon Gymnasium exercises last Saturday, and returned home on Monday.

Wycoff Sword is spending his vacation with his parents in town. He is a student at Woodset Institution, Woodset, So. Carolina.

Mrs. Edmund Russell, Mrs. James T. Cummings, Miss Gertrude Ball, Miss Clara Ward and Rev. A. E. Wilson attended the Conn. Valley Unitarian Conference at Amherst.

To insure insertion, without causing delay in bringing out this paper, news items ought to be in the editor's hands by Wednesday.

Walter E. Feltus, expert Eye Specialist, will make another visit to Northfield Friday June 17 and may be consulted between 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. at "The Maples."

Base ball this afternoon on the High School diamond at 3. High School vs. Powers Institute, Bernardston. The latter has a fast team, and a hot game is assured.

Mr. and Mrs. Orr and family of Petersburg, Va., have arrived to spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Moody. Miss Mildred Orr has been at the Cathedral School, Washington, the past winter.

Arthur Philips writes that his first experience on reaching Paris was to have his pocket picked. Evidently they took him for a wealthy American. However he caught the man, knocked him down and recovered his pocket-book. The thief is promised two years' board and lodging at the government's expense.

Miss Marion Grout of Gill, sophomore in our High School, won first prize, \$25.00, in the Brattleboro Reformer short story contest. Congratulations!

After a week's illness, following a stroke of paralysis, Mrs. Wm. F. Nichols, wife of the cashier of Mount Hermon School, passed away yesterday afternoon, aged 49. Mrs. Nichols was a member of the first class graduated from Northfield Seminary in 1884. The funeral services will be held in Mt. Hermon chapel on Sunday afternoon. Interment in the Gill cemetery.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., June 3, 1910.

EDITOR NORTHFIELD PRESS

Dear Sir:—In your issue of May 27 I noticed a letter from "Peter" whose judgment I wish to highly commend as well as your great good sense in publishing the same.

As a great lover of Northfield's charms and especially its grand Main Street, I would like to add that the hiding of the entrance to your imposing library (the handsomest structure in the street) with a bed of shrubbery is, not only a grave mistake but very bad taste and poor judgment.

Why not let those driving by have a view of such an attractive building?

A FREQUENT VISITOR.

SOUTH VERNON

Rev. A. E. Phelps is attending the Hoosick Valley Conference at Schenectady, N. Y. He preached its opening sermon Thursday evening, and has charge of the exercises, which hold over Sunday.

Rev. L. S. Chafer will preach in the A. C. Church both morning and evening Sunday, June 12. Mr. and Mrs. Chafer will sing.

Mrs. A. E. Phelps is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Collier, in Westfield.

Remember the Loyal Worker service at 6.30 Sunday evening.

The Woman's Home and Foreign Missionary society met with Mrs. E. Palmer last night.

Seminary Events-

The annual Evening of Sacred Song will be held in the Auditorium tomorrow (Saturday) evening. The Seminary girls will be massed on the platform, with Lewis S. Chafer as leader. The organ recital will begin at 7.30. Admission is free.—On Sunday morning the baccalaureate sermon will be preached by Rev. F. B. Meyer of London, in the Auditorium. This will take the place of the regular service of the Congregational Church, beginning at 10.45.—The Estey Concert will be held in Stone Hall on Monday evening at 8 o'clock. The Estey chorus will be assisted by Miss Carry L. Aiton of Boston, violinist, and William Nye of Keene, basso. Admission, 35 cents.—The graduating exercises will take place on Tuesday morning at 11, in the Auditorium. Mr. Meyer will give the leading address to the class of 31 graduates.

FORCED TO CURTAIL
HIS OXFORD SPEECHRoosevelt Reiterates His Race
Suicide Doctrine

London, June 8.—Attacked by his old throat trouble, Theodore Roosevelt was compelled to leave part of his Romanes lecture unspoken when he faced the students and scholars of historic Oxford after receiving the degree of doctor of civil law. The lecture, "Biological Analogies in History," was to have been delivered May 18, but King Edward's death prevented.

In his address Colonel Roosevelt demanded the maintenance of "the fighting edge"—the constant preparedness for war and readiness to use the "big stick." Reiterating his race suicide doctrine, the former president again gave his views on the attitude of the white man toward his subject lands.

"The Englishman and the American," he said, "are brought into contact with utterly alien peoples, some with a civilization more ancient than their own, others still in, or having recently arisen from, barbarism. The problems that arise are of well-nigh inconceivable difficulty. They cannot be solved by the foolish sentimentality of stay-at-home people with little patent recipes and those out-dated theories of the political nursery which have such limited applicability amid the crash of elemental forces."

Keep Town Hall Attractive.

There is hardly a town of 1,000 inhabitants in the land but has its town hall or courthouse, and usually it is an eyesore to all for the want of improvement. If the men of the town would turn out for half a day with spades and rakes and the women with seeds and plants the square could be made a park for all to be proud of.

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To The Sure Oven

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The Range that "Makes Cooking Easy"

H. M. Bristol, Northfield

Installation of Rev. Arthur Edward Wilson, June 15, 1910.

On Wednesday, June 15, at 7.45, Rev. Arthur Edward Wilson will be installed as pastor of the First Parish (Unitarian) Church. Following is the order of exercises:

VOLUNTARY	Organ
INVOCATION	Rev. E. M. Barney of Warwick
ANTHEM	Choir
SCRIPTURE READING	Rev. M. S. Buckingham of Bernardston
SERMON	Rev. Lewis G. Wilson of Boston
HYMN 189	
PRAYER OF INSTALLATION	Rev. E. Q. S. Osgood of Brattleboro
RESPONSE	
CHARGE TO THE PASTOR	Rev. J. M. Sunderland of Hartford
RIGHT HAND OF FELLOWSHIP	Rev. S. R. Maxwell of Greenfield
SOLO	Shadows of the Evening Hour Mr Benj. F. Field
ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE	Rev. D. M. Wilson of Kennebunk, Me.
WELCOME TO THE TOWN	Rev. William W. Coe of Northfield
HYMN 463	
BENEDICTION	By the Pastor

Gloves : Gloves
For Commencement
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Miss Newton's

39 Main Street Northfield.

STOPS AT THE ALTAR

Wedding Ceremony Interrupted by Wife of Would-Be Bigamist

Fall River, Mass., June 7.—As Aloizy Wrobinsky stood with 18-year-old Francesca Kot at the altar in the Polish Catholic church, and as he was about to make his solemn vow to cherish and protect the girl, a frantic, dishevelled woman rushed down the aisle and forbade Father Stanislaus to pronounce the words, which, it is alleged, would have made Wrobinsky a bigamist.

She declared that she was the lawful wife of Wrobinsky, that she had married him many years ago in Austria and that he had deserted her to come to this country.

Her proofs were produced and examined by the priest. The young bride fell in a faint before the altar and the groom rushed from the church.

The police will bring a charge of perjury against Wrobinsky, who swore when taking out the marriage license that he had never been married before.

STABBED TO DEATH

Quarrel Over Cards Leads to Murder in a Portsmouth Street

Portsmouth, N. H., June 7.—A quarrel over cards led to a murder in the North End district. Raffaello Papaselerio and Agostino Trovato had been drinking and playing at the home of Calogero Malligno, and when the dispute became warm both men were ordered into the street, where the argument continued.

Papaselerio, aged 23, was seen to push his finger in the face of Trovato, who, as quick as a flash, drew a knife, cutting the former three times over the heart and in the left groin. He fell dead on the sidewalk while the murderer disappeared.

Trovato was found half an hour later by Officer Shaw, who located him buried in the hay in a barn close by the scene of the murder.

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Rumors of Korean Revolt
Vladivostok, June 8.—An anti-Japanese rising of serious proportions is being plotted, it is rumored, in North Korea, by Koreans who are opposed to the annexation of Korea by Japan and who are the enemies of Japanese generally.

Foreclosure of \$3,500,000 Mortgage
Des Moines, June 6.—The Old Colony Trust company of Boston foreclosed a mortgage of \$3,500,000 on the Fort Dodge, Des Moines and Southern railroad in the United States court here.